

The Familiar

8.

EPISTLES
OF
COLL. HENRY MARTIN,
Found in his
MISSES CABINET.

The Second Edition.

Guil. Lilius, de regulis generalibus.]

tribuantur

Femineo generi Propria que Maribus.



L O N D O N:

Printed for Jo. Hindmarsh, Bookseller to his Royal
Highness, at the Black Bull in Cornhill. 1685.

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THE PUBLISHER

To the Right Worshipful

I Opportunity of Friends, goes a great way with most men, and the Liberty of the Press, so far with me, that I took the occasion of gratifying those instances, in shuffling this little I know not what, into the world; a few sheets (tis true) but such as carry in them, the design of all well-willers; Pleasure, to such as know their Trade, and Instruction, to such as are yet to learn it.

Nor have I us'd the word (shuffling) as doubting the success (for it has once already left us with an Appetite) but to surprise the Reader with his own desires, and again shew him, with what easiness he may make something out of nothing.

But what! You'll say; A Book of Epistles! And no Epistle Dedicatory! What's a Tavern without a Bush; Or a May-day Milking-Pail without a Garland, and Fiddle?

It was resolv'd then, and a Patron I would have, such a one nevertheless, as should neither dishonour the Author or the Matter: and in the midst of these thoughts who should bold into my head, but your Worship? A person so excellent in your Way, and (by Protestation that I flatter not) so altogether agreeable, that I must have manifestly wrong'd all three, had I gone off to any other.

For; as to your self (and if we may Judge Truth by the greater number) who ever carry'd a fuller cry among the Mobile? Who sung an Hosanna to the Covenant, earlier? Or (to deal truly) pray'd his Dimitas, later? Who mount'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

is holden to Judah, what dost thou? And to the Sons of Levi, 'Tis take too much upon ye? And cou'd such a person be Morally Baulkt? Such a Labourer in the Vineyard, and not taken notice of? Far, far be the thought; you were an Adventurer with the first, and 'tis but Justice That you bear away your penny-worth; for if your Journey-men have robb'd Churches, devour'd Widows, swallow'd Orphans, (not to enlarge;) broken even the Publick Faith, and all this for the carrying on the Good Cause; and it has been imputed to them for Righteousness, how much more then is due to your desert? I might, but will not, put your Modesty to the Blush; what ever be the deficiency, it stands good to your Debentures.

Then, As to the Matter; even your Enemy's must confess, your at least itching, that way; and however you wanted the knack of Epist'ling, you were understood as well, by a Note in a Band Box: nor will I take upon me to condemn it absolutely; for what need a man tire himself with tedious approaches, when he finds the Gate half a jar for entrance; nor your self also, for so marose; as the disaffected gave you out; for, what woman ever wanted a nights Lodging, and you knew it? Nay rather, have you not gon forth into the streets, and even forc'd them in? What shall I add? The breach of the Virgin of Sion, has been precious in your Eyes, and many a distressed young Gentlewoman have you Rigg'd, and Pension'd, at the Publick charge.

And if there yet wanted Argument to entitle you to the Dedication, your Agreeableness in so many respects, with the Noble Colonel (the Author) were sufficient of it self. To avoid excursions.

Ye both set up on the same pretence of Godliness; and both minded the power of it alike: ye both encourag'd a Gospel-gifted Ministry, and wou'd have gone five Miles, to a silent Itinerant, when ye might have had an Orthodox Sermon, in your own Parishes: ye ear'd not what ye heard, so 'twere but Lungs and long enough; and ty'd not up the Spirit, to a Carnal

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Carnal hour-glass: in short, ye propagated the faithful, no less than the Faith, and the out-casts of New England and Geneva, blest ye.

And as ye gave this respect to the Godly, they also carry'd like esteem for your sekres: they saw no sin in Jacob, and might be easier persuaded that Drinking and Whoring were Vertues, than that either of you could do any thing misbecoming: 'twas the person, with them, that made the Offence, and the same thing judg'd Mortal in one, was a meer Reccadilloe, or slip in another: a Brimmer in either of your hands, was but a freer enjoiment of the Creature; banding a Daughter of Moab, leading about a Sister, stroaking her Brests, inculcating good Counsel, and grobbling her Peticoat, a further enquiry into Truth.

But secondly, Te were both Souldiers, the one a Colonel, the other a Lieutenant Colonel; and unto whom (for lucks sake) would a man rather Dedicate the Memoirs, of a man at Arms, than to a Brother of the Spada? Te had more than once Travers'd the Artillery Ground, and could have told every Sign-post, between Guild Hall, and Finsbury: but neither of ye smelt the Battle, so much as a far off, or heard the shouting, of the Captains, but at a Thanks-giving Dinner: In short, the Colonel never slew man in his wrath, nor did you in your anger ever dig down a wall, that of Lambeth House, and Monarchy, only excepted: No, your Silver Basket hits stood bound to the Peace, and turn'd the Curse of the Widow, and the Fatherless, on themselves.

Thirdly, Te were both concern'd in the same Common Cause, and both of ye fought the Battles of the Lord, in a Church Window: The one way for Laws, Liberty, and Priviledge; the other for beating down Prerogative, and advancing Charter. The Colonel tore the Kings Commission Array with his own hands, you helpt to disrobe him of his Authority: and who (I pray) murder'd him? Tour Presbyterians that brought him to the Black, or his Indendants,

The Epitaph Dedicatory

pendants, that struck the blow: you had not the one, first murder'd him as King; the other had never thought of murdering him as Man.

Fourthly, Ye brought in a greater Purity, even in Language; and Reformed the old Paganism, of Baal, Beor, and Ashtaroth, into the more sanctified Terms of Communion and Membership. The Colonel Negotiated at Westminster, you at Moorfields; and kept so fair an Intelligence between both Houses, that a Conference was no sooner demanded than granted, with a salvo never theless to the respective Privileges.

Fifthly, Ye were more than ordinary Encouragers of Seminaries and Nurseries, for the Instruction of Youth, with such Heads of Houses, for prudent management, that they might have pass'd Masters; had even a Guzman been Visitor. Add to this, those Mother Churches, and Chappels of Ease, of your more immediate Foundation, and those, carefully supply'd with able men, fit for service; for on the least complaint, of anyones having crept into a Cure beyond his Abilities, he was immediately remov'd, by the Female Committee.

Thus ye went hand in hand as to the Publick; and truly, where it seem'd otherwise, it was but (as one might say) a distinction, without a difference; for ye agreed in the main; and both bore up for the same Port, however ye steer'd not always by the same Point of the Compass.

You set your hand to the Plow, and that early, and so did the Colonel; but he foresaw a storm gathering, and put on the Cloak of Religion to keep him dry; you got hold of a skirt too, not out of Necessity, but that you would be in the Passion: and albeit it was Self in the Colonel, and Choice in you, yet ye both drag'd on many a rainy day.

The Colonel boasted out as good a Presbyterian as your self; but finding that Interest like to prove a Lee Shore, he stood to the Offring, and made a Tack to the Army;

THE EPISCOPAL DEDICATION.

you were it out with a Steel Anchor, and if unhin'd of hands, you'd not keep you a float, you knew what (as last) but trusting to a Plank; and though this also was a kind of Selfishness in both, yet neither of ye absolutely quitted the old Tug, as long as it would serve.

Nor was your ordinary conduct in the world, so altogether the same, though yet ye pursued the same end. The Colonel had his private bye way, no matter sometimes whether through another mans ground; yours was the plain beaten Road, nor car'd you how deep, or dirty, so there were no clambering of Hedges, or danger of mistaking it.

Your actions in like manner were to be seen of men, and one might have trac'd you from Dog and Bitch Yard, or Rascal's High-way, as near as the Colonel, as having forsaken the wild, Wide and like the old Rut into a Parvenu's Close; and contented himself with his Peculiar of Channel-Row.

The Colonel was for a dainty choice bit; the Possess of a Park, the Breast of a Partridge, the thigh of a Woodcock, the Wing of a Goshawk, and now and then a slice off the Spoil for diversion, whereas you were always for whole joints, and so it was that Mr. Mordaunt never rec'd a letter in which of the 7000, or perhaps 80000, was an instance for Venison, you never regarded, how great the Slaughter was, nor the name of Whetstones Park.

Lately (and here you were wiser in your Generation, than the too Frank Colonel) He had the improvidence of running his Lamp under the salt stack, and the foolish wisdom of plunging you your rotten and unprepared his Majesty's Army thought of striking a you answered their repeated cravings in good advice, without money; for to say truth, nothing but that restraining power over you, as the parting will. How often have you told them that you never heard of a word of Miss Melicant's? Last before he was the Earl of Godolphin's regarding the things of this world, and seeing their danger on as dangerous to yourself, however you might fall, through a slip of misadventure, you should never yet be said that you purchased your damnation.

In short the Colonel star'd himself to feed his Whore, ye call her; you in plain terms half star'd your own plump, your self; and yet you had one more thing, that you had but not soul enough to bait your Hook with a Spirit, you'd yet want the confidence of venturing for Surgeons.

And truly this last is the most material, I know, wherein you diametrically differ'd from the Colonel, or (to say truth) the Brotherhood; and yet they matter somewhat, as if you differ'd from your self.

Time

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Time was and you lookt upon as a Godly man, a Zealous Professor; even after the strictest sort; and as it were new-moulded, in the Kneading-Tub of Reformation:

Time was, You would not have lookt upon a woman, on the Lords day; much less have kiss'd her; or that before Sun Set, or not drawing a Curtain; that had been to be mix'd with a mistress:

But now (alas!) You take no heed to your ways, you consider not time, place, or person. You have forgotten (say they) the days of old, and would be now taking up with the ways of unrighteousness: Forsaken your first Love, and however your Face be toward Jerusalem, your Heart yet is among the Tents of Kedar: what shall I add? From the Perfection of Whiggism, you are (as said) more than becoming, a Profane Lewd Tory. Shall Simon forsake Levi! Paul and Barnabas fall asunder! That, that!

For my part, as I give little credit to't, so I'd be less taken for an Accuser of the Brethren: But what would your self say, to see a person had been Rebuilt in the Pillar of Predestination, still hanging after the Flesh Pot of Egypt? One that could have prov'd the Covenant out of the first Chapter of Genesis, and yet to have forgotten he ever lifed his hand to't? One (in short) that had staid as Wise when it lookt red in the Glass, and yet to be overtaken in the Seat of the Scornful; and that not in a Corner, but as it were on the House top; A Balcony, and in the Eyes of the world; and then too, not Maudling it in compunction for the sailing, but drinking Fondy's Health in Dol Commons Slipper, and steele Damning himself for as good a Tory as the best of them.

This, or worse, might have been expected from a revolting Ephraimite, but does it become the Tabernacle of Jacob? This, this the Language of a Son of Sion! Your self, I am sure, would have had more Prudence, than to run from one extreme to another, without a Bit by the way, or so scandal the Circumcision, before you were certain whether the Uncircumcised would receive you.

In a word, Let the censuring world say what it will, I yet look upon you as only proper for the Occasion, that it has not repeated me of the Dedication; and whatever also may be said of that, whoever reads the following Leaves with half the Gusto they were written, will not (I dare venture) say he has lost much time; which however, that you may redum in your self, is not least in the desires of

Sir,

Your humble Servant, &c.

The Familiar

EPISTLES

OF

Collonel Henry Martin, &c.

LETTER. I.

My last and only Love, though I were sure to live an hundred years longer; and thou not half so many hours.

AS for news, it cannot be worth the gaping after (any more than the weather) the worst will come soon enough; the best is like to be welcome whensoever it comes. I confess what I hear is not very good, but (just like weather again) it may rain two or three days in a week, and that in summer, and it may hold up a fortnight together, and that in the midst of winter. The Skill is, not in being weather-wise, but weather-proof. In one thing, the storms I mean, are contrary to those the clouds pour upon us: for in that case it is best to keep all our clothes about us: and houses over our heads; in my case, to throw off all we can, and snug like a Snail within our own selves, that is, our minds, which no body but we can touch. I could stuff my whole sheet of paper with this discourse, but that I have a bigger providing for thee. Besides, I hope to talk it out with thee very shortly: and but for the weather, in earnest, I believe my Keeper would have fetched thee to me by this time. My Dear, it is indeed a very great blessing that you have all your Heakhs, as I have mine, I

B

thank

thank God. Methinks, when I have that, and meet an enemy (of what kind soever) I am able to keep him at sword's point; when I want that, he is got within me, and it requires a huge strength of heart to keep ones ground, when both sides are set upon at once: I like the good use thou makest of your being little better than Prisoners; sure thou art a piece of a Philosopher. That Lord should not deceive me quite, yet no fastening upon any thing that may miscarry. *Loder* was yesterday with me, and instead of satisfying what I pressed him to, told me, that until he saw the end of the next Term he knew not whether he should be undone or no by meddling with my Estate; they bear him down at Court that all is juggling betwixt him and me: and lest they should take the advantage of the weekly allowance I receive from his Cousin *Stanion*, I must receive it henceforth from my Sister *Edmonds*, to whom he will pay it. Do not let this trouble my sweet Soul neither, for thou and I have leaned upon many a broken reed ere now, and afterwards lighted upon a sounder staff. Hitherto was written yesterday: This morning my Son is gotten in to me, and I will press hard for thee by hook or by crook: yet this news I must tell thee that he brought me from my Brother *Stonhouse*, that (contrary to what I had heard) nothing at all has been done in the house against us since one single motion on *Munday* was seven-night, seconded by no body. *Betty* is not come yet, though provided for. I thank thee for my Ale, it was very good. All happiness to my sweet soul this fine day, and ever and ever.

Thine for such a time.

Henry Martin.

LETTER. 2.

My Dearest,

THough I have nothing to enclose in my paper, but the same heart which was thine before, yet I must be writing, because thou wilt have it so; and besides, if ever thou hadst need of a mans heart, it is now. *Dick* was here to day I thank him, but did not tell me the worst. I will try all the ways I can above ground

to help thee, if an officer come that thou thinkest is one indeed, thou must give him thy right name; thou must tell him thy other too, and bid him set down both, for thou art known and called by both. The poor wench that carries this I believe loves thee, which makes me almost troubled that I have not a penny to give her. *Munday* is near, till then, and afterwards, and for ever, God keep thee, and my soul,

Thy

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R. 3.

My sweet soul,

WHether I have any thing to send thee or no, I must be scribbling to thee, perhaps I am as well pleased in the doing of it, as thou in the receiving. First, I give thee an account of my self, and as to that I am very well (I thank God) though my Doctor (whose name would foul this paper too) hath been with me (off and on) ever since midnight. Next, I am to have an account how my Dear does, and my brats, though I can scarce believe a word thou sayest, when thou tellest me they are all well; therefore the bearers Eyes are sure to be examined at his return. Lastly, it is not much amiss to let thee see, for thy comfort, that one who has never a penny in his purse may be able to send his Love something that may be reasonable good, and get a Porter to carry it. The Roots come from *Colchester*, and the Water with a little Sugar tastes not ill (methinks.) God be with my poor heart, and all the little pieces thereof.

Thine everlastingly.

Henry Martin.

Country *Robin* went away yesterday as wise as he came, but I wrote by him my service to our Friend.

LETTER 4.

My poor sweet dear heart and soul,

HOW dost thou do? I would have seen thee whipt before I had told thee the other days news, if it had not been to prevent a worse inconvenience: neither can I yet come to the speech of the Gentleman Porter, whereby I might understand the bottom of that business. Well, in spite of them all, thou and I will see one another if we can, and (if we cannot) love one another better than any of them is able to love himself. I have set another friend of mine to work about lodgings for thee, and I have provided this for Mr. *Pettingale* to lose his labour with, if thou and he think fit, and have whicewithal. Here are a few pennies and a Bottle of good Claret I believe. Blessing upon all my pretty brats, and upon their nown Mother, and see if it can miss her,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 5.

My poor sweet Dear,

WOULD I could do thee half so much good as thou dost me in letting me know how thou dost, though it be far otherwise than I would have thee. *Tom Peyton* told me indeed that thou took'st a vomit last Sunday, but wert pretty well upon it. I am afraid I can guess too right at the greatest part of thy disease, or at least, the ground of it, which is melancholy and thoughtfulness for things which I can apply no remedy to, so much as by discourse, otherwise than this way, and that thou shalt not fail of, so long as I can reach pen, and ink, and paper. I confess I am glad when thou dost furnish me with messengers, partly to save the charge of a Porter, and chiefly to understand how it is with thee and my children. Last week I wrote a Letter into *Berkshire* to a friend (as I thought) for some matters, but got not so much as an answer again. I did the same week set another instrument on work,

work, but have yet no account of it. Major *Wildons* imprisonment was unlucky to me, and Mr. *Loders* restraint and my Daughters, some way or other though we shall be assisted, because I have been on bare board a thousand times in my life, and yet still found a twig or something to hold me up. But I am resolved that the next 30 l. which comes shall be the Lieutenants; lesser sums may do the rest of thy body service; But that must cure thy heart, which dwells here with

My Soul, thy true

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 6.

My dear Love,

NOt so much to send thee thy Oranges and thy Pears that thou left'st behind thee, nor any thing else to keep them company, not to give thee an account how pitifully *Sarah* cries now she is with her Father, nor to know from thee how thou didst speed at Mr. *Stantons* with my note; do I dispatch this bearer to thee, as to learn how my two brats do, that are now in thy arms, especially the little one, who wants the others heart, and yet had as good a one of her own, that thou gavest her twice already: if she mend, I need not wish thee joy, but in case she do not, I must put thee in mind, that every thing thou hast, except thy mind (that is thy self) is loose about thee, as well as thy Smock, and whatsoever is nearest thee, as thy uppermost Garments, and those that thou wert plundered of above seven years ago. I do not forget thy Cordial, as soon as I have any opportunity of sending to the place. For this time I bid thee good morrow with all my heart, that is, with all thy self, and rest (though but outwardly, till I hear from thee.)

My Souls own,

Saturday, betwixt 8. or 9.
of the forenoon.

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R

LETTER 7.

My own Heart,

I know not what hast this Letter will make to thee : but I thought to have sent up little *Jerry*, whom riding hath made so sore, that I cannot find in my heart to make trot till to morrow; then he must and will be with thee, I hope, by *Wednesday* night. I was fain to lie at *Abington* *Saturday* night; yet I stick to the note thou hast by thee of going hence to morrow. The worst is I can send thee no mony, in regard Major *Wildman* is gone again into *Sussex*. Lemster I presume will do it, if thou canst make any shift in the mean time. I hope thou hast gotten little *Peggies* things from *Brainford*, though I was glad to write a Ticket to Mrs. *Parish* for the loan of 40 s. to fetch them off. *M. Ingram* hath given me very good satisfaction concerning his Wives words, which I would relate to thee at large, but that I believe thou knowest all already by a Letter he sent me up on *Thursday*. *Nan Stone*, contrary to my expectation, did come down with the Carrier appointed. Our Girls (especially *Jinny*) are but coarsely used by their Mother; yet being only words, they must endure it for ought I know; the rather for that (if they list) they may neglect and despise her as much as their Sister *Nan* does. Remember me to all my friends according to their several capacities : but be very careful, my Dear, of her lame Brother, of my couple of biddies, and of my study-door Key. I am, and so am like to be a great while,

My sweet Soul, Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 8.

My Dear soul,

IS it not long enough in all conscience since thou and I saw one another? methinks it is a pretty while since thou hadst a Letter from me. But *Tom Peyton's* coming one day, and *Job Wards* the
next

next, made a reasonable shift to stay my stomach. The latter of them (*I* thank him) drunk thee up a Bottle of good Sack; there is never a drop left neither. But thou dost not grudge it him at parting; and *I* hope now he is off hand. Prethee charge *Tilly* to tell me truly how my poor brat does. Thou must send me to morrow thy 40 s. Ambassador to be employed in another mony business, perhaps he has a luckier hand than *Pick*; and in the mean time one of them should go to the Inner Temple Cloyster, about the middle whereof is a door into a little Court, and also by the door a Stationers shop: where *I* would have it enquired, how a body may find Mr. *Chute*, a young Gentleman, whose Father was a good Lawyer, and had Chambers in that Court: if they are not able to inform, it is likely one may learn at my L. P.'s Lodgings. The enclosed *I* send thee (not for thy opinion in the answering, for *I* have answered it already, and told him *I* knew thy mind as well as if *I* were in thy Belly, but) to shew thee that the honest fellow will not forget us quite. The truth is, the weather and ways too are very tolerable yet, and it is a huge while to maintain a Family in *Hackney* Lodgings till the Spring. *I* have not sent Sir *John* any message yet by the Gentleman Porter concerning thy quartering with me (as *I* intended) because his only child is now sick again, and has been almost a week, so as, till that be over (as they say he is upon recovery) there is no coming near him for any favour. Let me know all thy mind by *Tom*, either in writing or word of mouth, (for sure writing is too much toil for thee in this case) and thou shalt hear again from

My sweet Love, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 9,

My Dear;

FOR all *I* sent thee a double Letter yesterday. by *Job*, and got never a one from thee to day by thy man, yet thou shalt have another now, together with a Leg of Mutton, two Loaves, a peck of flower (though not of 18 d. the bushel) and four Bottles of *Will. Parkers* Lemon Ale. He brought me a fine Nosegay, and Strowings, and some Lettice that he was fain to borrow, and scarce

scarce worth taking up; however *I* like his coming, to save the charges of a Porter, which *I* find considerable, though he be a very honest fellow. Therefore let *Stephen* come again on *Thursday* morning, and no farther than the Butchers, who can better come to me than he. Buss *Baconhog* for me, the rest *I* must buss my self, when *I* can catch them. My service to our true friend, and good morrow,

My sweet Soul, thy own

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R. 10.

My Heart,

IT was late this morning ere I received thy yesterdays Basket (and Letter, the sweetest flower in the parcel) so as *I* should not have sent thee an answer till to-morrow in the company of some vitch, but that *I* longed to vent a little of my news. I have gotten, not *Dick Peters* himself, but a man of his, with instructions to stay here so long as *I* will have him, and wait upon whom *I* bid him. *Dick* does reserve that farm for thee, and would have come up, but that in order to his Journey he hastened his Wife out of *Derbshire*, while she was too green, into that place, where she has taken cold enough to make a new lying in of it, that he knows not whether she will live or die. Therefore, though *I* wish our true friend well again, for his own sake chiefly, yet *I* confess *I* wish'd very much for thine. *I* believe the other matter is very near ripe too, *I* mean, half of it, so far as *I* could drive it. More of that on *Monday*. At last *Mr. Loder* is come to Town, and *I* think will let me see him to-morrow. My Keeper and *I* are contriving how *I* may see somebody else; but *I* will not tell thee who that is, because thou hast a shrewd guess of thy own. *I* have sent thee two Tower Loaves of two sorts, and every penny of money *I* have. 'Twill mend, and so will

Thy own

Henry Martin.

LETTER

Familiar Epistles, &c.

LETTER 11.

My own Heart,

I Have spoken, and am fairly promised a Regiment, but of Foot. *M* — will not be in Town till to morrow sevensnight, or *Tuesday* next at soonest. My Lady *L* — made very much of me, and asked kindly for thee: she goes not away till the next week toward the end of it. I told her when thou art to be Church'd, and that thou would'st visit her so soon as ever thou com'st abroad. But she means to prevent thee; so as *I* must send thee some goodness to morrow for her. This roguy mony does not come according to promise; it will sure. In the mean while *I* am though

Thy poor, thy true,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 12.

Sirrah,

TIs no wonder if *I* love thee dearly now, for *I* hear say thou gottest mony the other day. This day little Bacon-hog is one week elder than she was; and to morrow night *I* intend to visit Moppet. Mean while (*Huffie*) do you make much of my *Peggy*. For *I* hope by to morrow seven-night to fetch them up, Mother and all: and then *I* warrant thee if *I* Buſs pretty *Lucie Parker*, thou wilt be yellow of

My Heart, thy own

Henry Martin.

LETTER 13.

M sweet soul,

BEsides seeing thee (which is good at any time) and being kept touch withal according to promise (which honest people love dearly) *I* have a bushel of talk for thee, to entertain thee with, so as *I* doubt thou wilt not have time to eat a bit with me, yet *I* shall look for thee about Dinner time, and get some Fish for my self and those that come with thee. And methinks it should be a

C

fine

fine day to bring me as many of my Brats as are in a condition for Health, and hang Clothes.

Here is a note inclosed, which will help thee to some money for the purpose we designed it, from which I would not have thee divert it by any means. Good morrow to my Heart till anon,

Thy

Henry Martin.

Now and anon too,

Prethee go over to them (at least) to let me know how they do, and leave this little token for them.

LETTER 14.

My poor Dove,

Though I starved thee yesterday with cold, by forgetting to send thee Wood, I will make thee amends to day in telling thee I shall not run away from thee. Scot and Robinson are gone on that errand. I am to meet with Greg anon. What we shall do I know not; but I will make a bolt or shaft of it now, and not abate him a farthing of that I resolved, either in money or in time, like

My own heart, thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 15.

My Soul,

When shall I see thee? when shall I have thee within some compass of being able to send to thee, or hear from thee once every day? The ugly Carriers Porters Wife cheated me, when she told me she would come again, and perhaps cheated thee of thy Shoulder of Mutton. I have now sent thee a little of my Longworth commodity, and a scrap of the business, viz. 4 s. Bass my little Brats for,

My heart, their Daddy,

Henry Martin.

LETTER

LETTER 16.

Good morrow Valentine,

FOR thou art first in my Eye, or in my Heart; but thou art not like to be mocked first, no more than poor Bacon-hog is with her little toosles: thou shalt have cloth for all four Butts so soon as ever I can Spin: I have some Hemp upon the Wheel'd Mean while here is a dozen of Eggs for thee, and a pound of Butter, just now bought of a Country Hegler. According to our bargain I am to have some grals from thee: let it not be much. B'w'y sweet Soul.

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

The Captain hath sent me one of his Country Waist-Coats, which I have upon my Back; by the same then thy Maid may be glad she has not the washing of the old one: for I believe it would take up more Sope than I sent the other day.

LETTER 17.

My dearest Dear,

THOU hast I hope by this time digested our Threw'd brunt, and art the better prepared for another. To morrow morning we are all to appear at the House of Commons, to shew cause why the Sentence given against us should not be executed. I think we can shew a very good one, wherein the Kings honour and the Parliaments is concerned: if they think otherwise, who can help it? That can

My sweet Love,

Thy own for ever

and ever, *Henry Martin.*

LETTER 18.

My sweet dear Love and Soul,

LEt me know how thou dost, either by Letter of any bodies writing, or by any messenger. As for matters, I have now set so many wheels a going, that some will fadge sure; I mean considerable, for I am pretty certain of being able to send thee a scrap before *Monday* night. Keep up thy poor heart, sweet Soul, a little while, though thou hast no reason for it, but for that I am ever and ever

Thy own, and no bodielse,
nor any thing else,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 19.

My Heart,

THis Letter is not to thee, it is to honest ** Dick*, that will entitle me to the doing him any good; for though I was very well before, yet methinks that conceit makes me a great deal better.

I will not write to thy man, but I will go very near to do for him as thou bidst me, shortly too, and I will promise me to forbear what thou forbiddest me, that is, giving him money; it is not so flush, neither did I ever except one six pence. Commend me to poor little *Betty*. Thou dost according to my own heart; and God will bless thee and thy little *Benjes*, and

Thy old Dear,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 20.

My heart,

THou must not be a naughty Dear, because I look like one in not coming, nor writing to thee since *Monday* morning, and keeping Mopet from thee too. But the ** House* and the Council do make such a Rogue of me, that I have much adoe to say my Prayers; and yet I must pray all this day in the House; soon I hope

hope to be with thee, and mean while thou must accept this pretty token of my love, from

Sweet Soul thy own,

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 21.

My poorest sweetest dearest heart and soul,

Bear up a little longer, and arm thy self for the worst. If God will not let thee keep all three, thank him for two: if thou canst not have a sight of thy own, make much of a piece of paper from him; and if that get nothing in it, put the top and the bottom together, and there is a little Cordial. There is some luck too that this bearer can come at me: let us make the best use of what we have, and let me know by the next whether you and Dick do approve of the other Essex job. I cannot abide to keep any of thy few friends (especially all of them) so long from thee: and therefore God be with thee, and with

Thy ever and ever, and ever,

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 22.

My Dearest,

I Sent thee a Barrel of Oysters yesterday, which I hope the Brats have not guttled away; for my meaning was they should be saved till thy Churching, and then thou mightest eat some thy self. My Harrington Chapman hangs an Arse still, but the Lemster man is come to Town, and so is Lader. The deuce is in it if some money does not come from some place. Mean while it is pretty good luck that I can get credit for thy Victuals and the Families, and dine my self every day almost upon free-cock. Poor Hall is fain to quarter with his Aunt, who is now rid (as they tell me) of her the guest, and of her sickness, only lame still, and keeps her Bed. Good morrow to my sweet Love, faith. Thy own,

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R

LETTER 23.

My Dear,

IF any Butter would stick upon my Bread, I should by this time have had wherewith to warm thy fingers ends; but my poor soul must put on a bushel of patience: For though it be but *Wednesday* morning, I am at the bottom of my Tub, having given the bearer money to buy thee nine pound of Soap, two pound of Candles, one of Rush, the other of Cotton of eights, and a six-penny Loaf. I am glad to hear thou and my Brats are well. So soon as any good news comes, thou shalt be sure to hear of it, and feel it. So good morrow to my sweet Love.

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 24.

My sweet soul,

I Do confels it is hard to make Bread without Corn, though the Baker be never so good: therefore (and indeed for reasons enough besides) I do all I can about the crop: as it comes in thou shalt have notice; and however, that we may think what is to be done next. I cannot send thee any thing now, because of *Finnies* being here; but if thou canst send me some messenger to morrow morning, I shall have a good bit or two for thee, and for my Brats. I believe thy Brother will be good company for thee, I mean for thy security as long as thou stayest there: if thou hast reasons to the contrary, give me but a hint of it, and he shall be persuaded to quarter elsewhere. My service to your honest Landlord. I rest, my Heart,

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 25.

My sweet Love,

I Have spoken and prevailed with Mrs. Dawson, who desires Mr. Stephens would come to her House any morning in *St. Martins Lane*, just above the old Swan Stairs, and Authorize her from my Lady P—— to deal for such commodities in her Ladyships behalf,

behalf, and keep them at her own home when she has bought them till my Lady has occasion to use them. 50 or 60 l. shall be ready; and I believe, if need be, as much more, if the pennyworths be answerable: and when the goods be there, they are not at *Benets*, nor any bodies that will put thee to streights to redeem them, or make them eat out their heads. If thou canst not conveniently get *Mr. Stephens* to go so far, go thy self: She will be glad to see thee, thou wilt find her a very good body, and discreet, and one that loves him that thou dost not hate. And if thou be it yellow, what care I? My service to that friend of thine, of whom I am not so yellow, as all the world besides is, because I do know better than they, that I and no body else is,

My Dears own own

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 26.

My sweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy two Tokens of yesterday, though thou didst but send them me, and hadst them safe home again I hope. I do partly expect thee here to day: prethee come or send, if thou canst, if for nothing else, that I may know how thou dost after thy Pills Ruff and thy poor belly. But I would fain have a bushell of talk with thee too. Meant while I have sent thee by this bearer to be laid out in *Southwark* Market (since he did so well last time) 3 s. 6 d. for a Joynt of Meat at his discretion, 1 s. for a Loaf of Bread, and 2 s. for a quart Bottle of Canary, and 1 s. for himself. Morrow to my Heart, and I was going to say I rest, but I believe I shall not, till thou beest either seen or heard of by, Soul,

Thy

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 27.

My poor sweet soul,

THAT I could send thee my two Arms and Hands at the ends of them enclosed in a Letter: for indeed I begin now to be as much afraid of thee as of my little Baby, and of the two I know which would be most missed, to say nothing of the simple thing called;

called love. *I* may well call it simple, because it won't be gone, if a body would never so fain; but (like a disease) the more piteous the party is wherein it lies, the stronger and lustier it grows. Prethee Dear, think of some body to help thee in this luggage; if thou art not provided with a fitter, *I* should commend the bearers big Girl *Sarah*, for whom, though *I* cannot say much in many other respects, yet *I* have observed her very good natur'd towards an untowardly child as can be *Betty Combs*, by the same token that the Mother on't commonly will give her a penny a time to tend her for an hour or two in her absence, then she is trusty and at hand to be sent of errands, especially betwixt thee and me, and loose, and to be turned off again at pleasure: let me know thy mind herein, but *I* shall not be right, till thou get some body or other to take off part of thy drudgery.

Poppets Ague is turned into the sleeping disease *I* think, she will eat no Meat, nor Pottage made of Meat, nor Egg, yet well enough, and merry with a few humours, that *I* can make an *Als* of as *I* list: she has not taken her powder, but shall ere thou hear from us again.

Will. A — was here yesterday, as you may perceive by the Bottle, and the *Longworth* Pidgeons had a mind to take their leaves of her, before they flew quite away.

This little token is for *Peggy*, who is to keep two of the sums for her younger sisters, and make u'e of the third for her Fathers sake, who is,

My Loves Love,

Henry Martin.

If any little mad Girl have lost a small parcel of golden Ear-Rings, *I* know a cunning man will cast a figure for them, and use her reasonably.

L E T T E R 29.

HOW did my poor Dear sleep last night, after the alarm thy man gave thee from hence? But thou hast been used to such things. The worst was he had nothing to carry thee from me except a couple of Candles: but thou art used to that too. *I* shall now give some comfort to thy little heart, having lately perused the Kings Speech and the Chancellors, either *I* am very much mistaken in them, or they signifie no great danger to us, whose faults
are

are almost as old as our selves. Then I believe Mr. C—— will be with thee either to day or to morrow morning with a small token of my love. But dost thou wonder that I should know thy mind as well as if I were in thy Belly? Why thou knowest mine, and if I thought there were ever a corner in it dark towards thee, I would set it on a light fire but thou shouldst see it. Oh the pitiful Butter that thy man bought the other day! This I hope is better, but if it be not, I could not help it; for it was past Nine this morning ere my door was unlocked, and then the first business was to borrow a little money of one of my fellow Prisoners, so that by that time I can send for any thing the best of the Market is gone. Here is somewhat else for thee too, as Bread, and Beer, and Asparagus, and 3 s. to buy thee Coals (for if your Country be not hotter than this, you will hardly know it to be mid-day by the weather) which is more by 2 s. 9 d. than I was worth three hours ago. Because we will offend our Gentlemen no more than we needs must, thou shalt not send so much as Peggy or any body else to me, yet I will make a shift either every day, or once in two days at least to convey a piece of Paper to thee; and I am not very angry with thee (what ever the matter is) for thy scribbling so often to me. But hark you (housewife) I will not have Dick thank you for nursing him up, but me for making you a Nurse: For what a simple one hadst thou been, if thou hadst not practised two or three times upon

My Love, thy own,

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 99.

O my dear Love,

THe danger thou wert in by thy coming to me, and the fright I was in by telling me so: for the simple woman when she was denied coming into the Tower, and delivered her Basket and Napkin at the Gate, must needs tell them she had a Letter too for the Collonel: which, by good fortune, though the other broke it open, no body read but the Gentleman Porter, and he told them there was nothing in it, as indeed there was not, but about the little Girl; yet that might have bred trouble enough, as is was like to have been construed; and the Gentleman Porter himself does not know how it may be taken if she should stay long; she's

D

shod

shod but wants other things: pitifully, as I can help her, I will, and long, for a thousand reasons, to see her backside: I mean, to see her taken down with thee into the Country. I did at a venture send for Dick by the last post, that if he could possibly, he should come up himself, if not, send up the same man with one or two Horses and a pair of Panklers. I may well call it an adventure, considering how we are provided: but God may send somewhat in the mean time, or if honest Dick be here in person, the labour will not be lost. It is unlucky that your man is sick; but if the Small-Pox was to come, it could not have lighted better amongst you. I am glad to hear that the little one will save you sweat for dressing her meat, so she can have it raw: but I believe that was only a fit of her Teeth which made her glad of the cold the found in the raw Flesh. Since I wrote this far, Master T. advises me to rid away the Girl so soon as ever I can conveniently, for the sickness encreases, though no body knows any reason for it. I have sent thee such Commodities as I have, with order to buy some things by the way, and with a little token in the Belly of my Letter. And so good morrow to my sweet Soul, and the Gentleman that is as whole as a Fish, and to my least of Brats, and to Clem, together with Berry's commendations, that has been very earnest with me to send her a piece of Lamprey: I am fain to tell her that Clem's Mistress must have the disposal of all I send. Who am

Heart, thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 30

Love and Dear,

I Do not thank thee for the hundred fine things thou sentest me last night by the woman, nor care for any thing thou hast done, or canst do, but coming to me, and that thou must do this day: it is already laid, thus; first thou art to make a Rogue of thy self, then to take what guard thou wilt to the Water-side, then a Boat at what Stairs thou wilt, that may bring through Bridge (the Tide is ordered for the nonce) to be at the by six about One of the Clock, and then come in with the Crowd, but without thy Brother or thy Friend, or any body that has been seen with thee: no body will take notice of thee there, but one, that stands there on purpose

pose to bring thee off, if need be. In case thou hast a couple of Squirrels to conduct thee so far, thou mayest direct them to retire to the Angel or the Rose, or some such good Neighbouring-place, or perhaps to *Gardiners or Murther-Thwartons* within the Tower, and yet keep distance enough from thee; and we shall be able to send them their Dinner in Victuals, their Drink, thou knowest, is to be called for at their Quarters, and that (being moderate) will be cleared soon. Whether thou wilt take this opportunity of bringing the poor Girl along with thee, I leave to thy discretion. The care I take is for my own poor Girl, that I am sure needs not be disguised for me; it is so long since I saw her, that I shall make her tell me some tokens before I believe it is she, when I do see her. But why do I stand tittle tatling now, when it is more than time my Letter were gone? there will be Peggy, and there will be Poppet, and there will be Bacon-hog to make ladies of, and then the Maid to be made an Ass of. Therefore (Housewife) go about your business, and let me hear no more on you till I see you. For how canst thou tell or now whether thou hast got ever a soue dignon

Heart and Dear of T

Henry Martin

LETTER 31.

My dear Love,

Though I might thank thee for my good Cheer (which I am sure I should not have had without thee) yet I will thank thee for nothing but my good company, neither do reckon thy self all that, nor thy pair of Peppers: therefore prethee do thou it for me to the fourth party.

The Company I got in my Landladies Chamber could not have been less welcome to me at any other time; though they had brought fair water with them: but thou and I must pick a quarrel from thence to meet so much the sooner again. I will take upon me, without thy order, to keep alive that *Staffordshire* business, because in this dog-age a body must be content with a Cat that will but catch a Moule, though she run away from a Rat.

So soon as Loder has been with me, I will give thee an account how it is. Next week I hope to Tipple thy Nose again in Rhenish; take the Sugar in the mean time, for I dare not trust my self with

it, neither can I send thee any thing that I must go to fob for; but thy ordinary allowance of Bread; and yet I don't think that I am

My own Hearts

Henry Martin.

Here's *Glen's* Busk. Remember my Bottles and Lettice, but not much. Mr. T—— (when I can spare him) shall go into *Holland* to fetch thee some sweet Strawberries.

LETTER 32:

My dear Heart,

I Thought now within a day or two I should have obtained leave for thee to come and see me; but it seems thou hast a worse Keeper than I: which addition to thy other troubles thou needest not; neither would I put thee in mind of what is heavy enough upon thee, if it were not to shew thee that thou hast a partner in the weight, and therefore must reckon it lighter by one half than it is. This may be good Philosophy, but real assistance I can give thee none. Be of good cheer though (my Love) because things must be at the worst, before they will mend. God send thee thy health again, and so soon as ever I know it, I will make some shift or other that thou shalt come me.

Mean while, and ever, I am

Sweet Soul, thy true

Henry Martin.

LETTER 33:

My Heart,

ALL the comfort I have now for thee or my self, is, that to morrow is *Saturday*. Mean while, and then too, and a pretty while after, that I am, and am like to be,

My own Soul, Thy

Henry Martin.

Our Speaker takes Physick for Ten days, and we have chosen Mr. S—— for Speaker in his room during his absence.

LETTER

LETTER 34.

My Heart,

I Care not a Pudding where thou art, so thou beest safe. Yesterday I heard something true and something false concerning thy business from *Stephen*, and wrote thee a Letter by him, which I know not when thou wilt have. I was glad not only to see this bearer for his own sake and thine, but to see he could pass the Pikes without our friend *T*—— I hope he may do so another time: and if you were all scattered into forty Families, my mind gives me, that I should have a morsel for every one of you, If I could send thee above an Angel, I would not at once, because I would make thee (as if I needed) send to me the sooner again, as if I were, My sweet Love,

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 35.

Soul,

I Thank thee for thy Christian token: if this be the worst, I never received so much kindness from so ugly a Disease, as to spare my own Dear quite and clean, and to punish my Bantlings so favourably. Because I do not love to see thee; I must now put thee off two days longer, and that is still *Friday*, I hope for the better, in respect of thy strength too: in regard of the Company I had here to day it was good luck thou didst not come. Mr. *T*—— and I have so contrived it, that thou and I may then be the whole day together, and Rhenish Wine shall not be wanting to tipples thy Nose in, nor a savoury bit for thy Chaps; and somewhat I shall have to send thee too on *Thursday* morning, and something to say: therefore I will not spend all my talk in this piece of Paper, notwithstanding the conveniency of your conveyance by such hands as would prove, if there were no other evidence that my Dear is mine, and that I am.

My Dears

Henry Martin.

LETTER

LETTER 36.

My sweet son,

YEa but I will see my own Dear to morrow, and all my little Bantlings: for the Gentleman Porter has picked out that time to grant me thy Company when Sir J—— is sure to Dine abroad, for he must not know it. I do not know whether thou darrest venture thy Baby upon the Water or no; but the Tide serves finely betwixt 11 and 12. If thou comest by Coach (which I think is the safest way) thou must set out an hour sooner, or else I shall eat up all the vitch before thou comest; for all that, I would have thy he-camerades try their fortunes too. I will spend no more Ink upon thee now, but Bottle up all thy businets for thy ugly Bars. Therefore good morrow Monkey-Face.

Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 37.

My dearest Dear,

THou dost not know how I have longed all night for this morning, that I might send these to thee, inviting thee to Dine with me to day; the way is made, and the time to be about One of the Clock, the manner as private as it was last time, only the little Brat were best to be left behind, unless thou darrest not trust it with its Teeth out of thy Company; then I hope it may do well enough to bring her, so thou hast some body to help thee carry her. I have here sent thee just enough to pay thy waterman: whether thou wilt leave this Girl behind thee or no, I leave to thy self, but I should think it good. Here was my Cousin F.T. yesterday most part of the day, with leave, and he believes only Banishment is intended at last: but thou and I will not talk of those matters, nor think neither (Shall we Love? Ah that thou couldst help it!) till my Heart come to

Hers,

Henry Martin.

LETTER

LETTER 38.

My own Heart,

TELL me how thou and thy luggage are like to fadge at thy new Quarters. This bearer has told me where it is, especially how my poor thin-and-bone Brat does, then what is done about thy Goods, and withal in the Suit against *Bar*, which (as I remember) was to have been tried last *Friday*.

If our *Dick* be not gone with my Letter to *T* — I think thou wert best send *Tom* to me, and I will send him with one: one baffle is enough for the other at one place.

I long to have thee with me for good and all, and sometimes I fancy it not altogether impossible. I am sure it goes a little against my Stomach to dispose of thee so far off at this time of the year: but if I must check that longing, there is another that I will not check, but bring about by hook or crook, that is, to have two or three hours talk with thee. My old friend *W.* is now come to *Town*, and his Lady (though not well) and the Gentleman in *St. Martins-Lane* gave me a kind of visit yesterday; but staid so little, as we could have no discourse almost. My Lord *L.* — is not come up, nor Mr. *L.*

Here are a few pennies for thee: more will come one day. I find (besides the dearness of these Lodgings, in respect of the last, which I cannot find in my heart to think much of) that Winter is a more chargeable season than Summer, especially when two Chimnies are to be warmed instead of one, and Parlours call for Candles as well as Chambers. Now I talk like a miserable crib, because I would put thee in hopes that I may be a rich man yet before I die; and then I warrant thou wilt love,

My Heart, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 39.

Myself,

Thy last Letter got too six pence in it, and so thou thought'st to find in this too. Did'st not? but thou art murther'd; for I am resolv'd I will not send one farthing to day. Both my Sisters brought their Dinner with them, and dined with me yesterday,

and

and the elder of them this morning sent half a dozen Bottles of small Beer, and some scraps of good cheer, whereof thou shalt taste, because it is in mammals; so I gave the messenger just as much as I send thee. But *Monday* will come, you Chits-Face you, therefore I won't be jeer'd for a beggarly Rogue, especially so long as I have leave to walk once a day into the Gentleman Porters Lodgings, and on the top of his Leads. I am able to give thee a Bottle of rare Sack too, so thou canst keep it cool, either in gravel, or in water, with Saltpeter in it; any other water will make it hotter; and to give thee a piece of roasting Beef, and a Shoulder of Mutton; Veal I would have had, but the Butcher dares not kill any for fear of the weather. If thou canst give the bearer one or two of thy Butter-dishes, I will send thee some of that commodity on *Tuesday*, though it be a very ticklish one. Commend my service to him that is past the Pox, and to him that is afraid of them: for other things I am glad he has more hopes than fears, and so I am that thou art so quiet from abroad; for I doubt not but thou hast work enough at home; ever since thou told'st me how well thou lik'st my Strawberries, my Chaps have watered for more; but I will not tell thee what I meant to do with them, because I am none of

Thy Dear, not I,

not Henry Martin.

LETTER 40.

ANd thou shall have a Letter (*my own sweet Love*) though I robbed a Copy of Verses of half a sheet to write it in: for my Nuncle, I thank him, has gutted up all my brown Paper and white too. The reason why I did not write the last time I sent, was the haste my messenger was in, being with me by stealth, viz. the Butchers man, for the honest Porter is not suffered to come in: for truly I do not grudge thee my pains half so much as I do thy own in scribbling, and yet I cannot find in my heart to forbid thee, because I need not tell thee how handsome a piece of Paper looks that comes from a bodies Dear. But now you talk of handsomness, let Peggy have a care, for if she get any pits upon her Lips, I shall not endure to Kiss her, unless her Sister Sarah speak for her. I hope my little Brats Mouth is well, I liked her eating Raw meat better than that of her Mothers chewing hitherto: my Keepers
mind

mind holds for giving thee a Visit to morrow about One of the Clock; but thou shalt know the certainty in the morning, and receive something to receive him withal: and when you be together, I shall wish you both whipped if you do not contrive the coming to me the next day after to eat a little Fish. On *Monday* last my Lord *M* and my Daughter, and *Jenny*, brought three or four Dishes of Victuals and dined with me, but he got away all my Wine that I had provided for thee, because he liked it: I know where that grew though, and in the mean time thou must be content with a Bottle of such which my Cousin *Ned C*— (who visited me the same day too) brought me for a special drink. So for this time I bid thee Good morrow, and rest, my sweet Soul, thy own every day that goes over my head, every night too, whether I talk to thee or no, whether I dream of thee or no.

Henry Martin.

LETTER 41.

My sweet Love,

THough I burnt thy Letter so soon as I had read it, according to thy order by the bearer, yet I have not forgotten the Contents of it. Concerning the offer thou hast of a new Dear, there was a time I confess, when I was such a Hog, as to think my Throat-cut by any body that would have a share in thee besides my self: I am reformed, but not the ordinary way, by not caring who enjoys that which I have done taking pleasure in, but by binding up all my pleasure in thine: and as it has been pretty common with me to think that good bit tasted best which went into thy Mouth; so still or more do I relish thy happiness beyond my own; if it were not Complementing, that is, fear of seeming to Complement, I would tell thee, that I would not live: I am sure I would not beg to live, but because I find thou wouldst have me live: therefore good Soul, if ever thou hast a design of satisfying me (which I believe thou art never without) study how to satisfie thy own mind, and there lie I as quiet as a Lamb. For all that, I cannot let thee go without an item. My poor heart, take heed of every body, especially of the fairest offers; thou hast been bitten, and bitten; and bitten by such as were no meer strangers to thee; by that time thou art a little older thou wilt take every word thou hearest for an errand lie, the world is grown so false. What B—

E

says

says I have not leisure to tell thee now. My Brats will Dine with me, and *Harry C*— brings them. I would fain have them near me, and thee too, if possible. I rest.

My Dearest

Thy everlasting self,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 42.

My Life,

I Scorn to thank thee for thy good news, but *F* will give thee as good as thou bringest. I had last night at Nine of the Clock a friend with me, who came from another friend with this message, or rather with this answer to a former. The business you wot of should not stick for want of money. Now get you gone and be whipt a while, I know nobody cares a Pudding for you, nor for *Job*, nor for *Dick*, nor for Brats, and yet these three old scraps are found this morning by a Monkey-faces

Own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 43.

My sweet Love,

MY little Baby does not lie upon my Lap, but she lies almost as heavy as if she did, till I hear how she is. Keep up thy Heart a little longer though, it has a great many good days to see yet, the bad ones in reason being even all out. For a beginning, Poppet thou knowest is quite well, and *Peggy* has but got a disease to play withal, just like the Weather, or the Fortune of States and Kingdoms, fair and foul by turns. For all this thou and I must see one another; only let me know from thee, when thy nursery will give thee leave, and I will procure it here above board, or by stealth. Do not trouble thy self to write, this bearer will deliver all thy mind to me honestly and carefully. And so good morrow to my dear Love,

Thy own

Henry Martin.

Thou maist see (Heart) by my token that I have credit, though it be but sucking credit.

LETTER

LETTER 44.

Dear Heart,

I Sent thee the other day by Tom P. — a piece of Cheefe, with three Oranges, and a couple of shillings; but I made more hast in sending the messenger than I understand he and his two Camerades made in going: yet if it did not vex thee (who hast no need of being vext) I should find no fault; for I am persuaded they would not have staid so long with any body else as they did with my Keeper, and that upon my account, and to the end some of them at least might have access to me from thee, and tell me still how thou do'st: for all that do not believe I could stay now till some body comes: this bearer must bring me word: withal he carries a few Grapes, such as our wilderness yields, and three or four Bottles of my own Ale. Chear up thy self, my Love, as if thou hadst received a Bushel of mony from one that has not a Peck in all the world, and yet for thy sake thinks very well of living, because he is

His own Souls

Henry Martin.

LETTER 45.

MY Dearest, that is, not dearer than other Dears, (for so thou wert forty years ago) but dearer than thou wert this morning, when I thought I could have sent to thee, and found I could not, therefore thou art beholding to my Masters for all that Dearness that thou mightst have spared. Let we know how thy best friend does to day: don't think I put him above my self now, as some do that know neither thee nor me. For I count not my self thy friend, no more than thou art mine, yet I could never tell whether I were thou, or thou wert I, one of them I am sure 'tis, if not both, so as I need not give thee an account why thou hadst not what thou writt'st for on *Saturday*, nor persuade thee not to be troubled at this new restraint. I have out-lived a hundred of them already, and am heart-whole still, if thou beest well. This bearer will deliver thee two two-penny Loaves new, about half a pound of Butter, two small bunches of Asparragus, and half a dozen round shillings of old *Besses*: if conveyance had been free to day, I should have mended every Letter, and done something

thing toward a better business; but 'tis pretty well that Love has yet
Her own

Henry Martin.

LETTER 46.

Dear,

IF I could have gotten a messenger yesterday, I would not have slept twice before I had known how my nursery does: if she go on in mending (as I hope) or stand at a stay, prethee mind no Worms nor any disease at all in her but weakness, and therefore give her all that thou art able either to nourish or to please her. Fain would I have her again, if it be possible, to Dine with me, and stay till Monday, thee and Peggy and all: betwixt one and two of the Clock cast to be at the Tower, and I will endeavour to get leave: and if I cannot obtain it, I will send thee word time enough; not sending to thee again is a sign thou maist come. I send thee here enclosed a Letter I received yesterday, from one who it seems has not received my last. Thy work I could not put out till this morning, but am promised it shall be done by Tuesday: in case thou canst come to day, or so soon as to Dine with me, let me know it, and withal as much of all our other concerns as thou canst put into paper.

Here is 20 s. for thy Coaches earnest, if that business takes, and 5 s. for the Hack that brings thee hither to

My Soul, thy Body,

Henry Martin.

Thou seest I would not couzen thee of what is contained in the brown paper.

LETTER 47.

My sweet Love,

Since God is contented to let thee keep thy poor Brat a while longer, to raise her some friends still upon my account to thy own, and to give thee some success in thy business, thou maist hope he has in store a little blessing for thee more than could have been expected, after all the storms which thou and I have seen and felt, and see and feel. This bearer promises me fair that I shall have eight of my Bottles again; thereupon I will trust thee with one more; it is but Maligo Sack, reasonable good though. I have sent

Peg

Peg and *Poppet* some sale-ware, yet far from bad, if *I* have any skill: if it be liked, the next token shall be bigger. Thy own should have been less; but thou must even be glad of *Pie-Crust* instead of *Bread*: and if thou canst pawn it for *Bread*, *I* would fain hope thou maist one day redeem it. *I* did not borrow, but beg it; and so *I* will again, and again, rather than my Heart shall fail of what may be done by.

Her

Henry Martin.

I have not told *Tom* what it is,

LETTER 48.

My sweet Soul,

NOW *I* begin to like thy Room better than thy Company, because *I* grudge thee a share in the weather we have got: yet *I* have my health still, and my old friend that waits constantly at the back-door. *I* wish thee such another now and then, but too much of it would weaken thee. This night *I* hope to meet a Letter of thine at *Lemster*, sent down by last Saturdays Post, and directed by *F. H.* if thou didst omit that time, mend it by the next, and make much of my Dear, or do not pretend to

Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 49.

My own Heart,

I Hope thou beest well (notwithstanding one roguery still treading on the heels of another) but thine own heart cannot be very well till he knows it; though it be but by message, a Letter were better, and coming (if possible, and safe) best of all. But do not venture, before thou lettest me understand first by the honest Doctor what condition thou art in, that *I* may advise thee accordingly.

Good morrow sweet Soul,

Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 50.

My poor sweet Dear,

IT was well done of thee to send this bearer to me, since *T. P.* could not get in, and to bid her tell me that nothing troubles thee: and because thou wouldst have me believe it, *I* will: but prethee

pretence tell thy other self so sometimes, and with often telling thou may'st perhaps believe it too. The Gentleman Porter continues very civil to me (as *Clem* can inform thee in one particular) and is now Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. R. being gone into the Country: therefore I hope to get leave of him for thee and my Brats to Dine with me on *Wednesday*: if it cannot be I will send thee word betimes that morning. If thou hearest nothing to the contrary thou may'st venture to come.

Mrs. D—— was with me, and tells me that Mrs. W—— lies extreame weak still; but her Husband has a great deal of kindness for me. I am pretty apt to fancy the same; but I was born to be killed by tediousness: yet if thou canst keep up thy hopes a little longer, I will see what is to be done by

My Souls own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 51.

My Heart,

THIS bearer must needs be welcome, for he saves me 18 d. in my Purse that the Porter would have had. My Childs slow mending is better than if it should gallop, that is, more likely to hold. The less thou tamperest in any Physick than stones with either of them, the better I like it. And sure the journey into the country will on, being so much according to the heart of Father and Mother, and Children: the little Item in thy Letter will get down the powder I hope, otherwise I know who wears the Breeches at our House: Yesterday though was a fine day, and we went into the Gentleman Porters Lodgings, and tickled his Gooseberry-bushes.

The business of washing and clearing Goodwife G. and Coach and Horses are alarms to the same tune; all my business is to provide relief where I can, and when; I have several strings to my bow; one of them will take if luck serve. I have not yet seen Mr. S— nor heard from him. I shall adventure though to tell Dick P.— that thou wilt be with him by that time the next month is a week old.

Thou maist perceive by my token that I heard from *Longworth*, where all are well but the old one. We shall know more next return of the Carrier. Mean while, and ever, blessing upon my sweet Dear, and her Lambs.

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER

L E T T E R 52.

My Dear,

THe man thou lett'st with me is very slow in the matter thou wott'st on, neither dare I mention any thing of kindness I expect, till I have gotten in all my own money out of his hand, whereof he tells me part had need to remain for Fees against the Lieutenant calls again, who claims 30 l. due still, and the Gentleman Porter 2 l. and Cr-- never had any thing yet: but his Cousin St-- shall furnish me with one of his ten pounds to pay off Mr. C-- and Mr. M-- which comes to above 8 l. at the lowest rate; so I sent yesterday to his Cousin, and had my weekly allowance with much ado, whereof I owed 8 s. 6 d. and for the ten pounds he will bring it me himself one day of this week, but the certain time he cannot appoint.

Having told thee the worst of it, the next news I send thee will be better I hope: mean while here are four handsome Puddings for thee, how good they are is not known to me, being a token of last night from one of my Fellow Prisoners, and the Fellow will bring thee a Neck of Mutton from S--'s, with one pound of Watch Candles, and two pound of Cotton. My service to the Gentleman was here on Sunday, and pray him to remember the Falcon he promised to send me. Buys all my Brats for me, and as thou hast conveniency send me one or two of them in a Basket. God be with my poor own sweet soul, and with

Her

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 53.

Huffie,

GIve me my 8 s. back again, for I promised you but 12 s. to pay your Quarters: don't you tell me 'tis all laid out upon my own Brats, for I must have it, and therefore send thee 2 s. more; to make up the debt just 10 s. I have also sent my three chits each of them a Bird that came from Holingbury, and a parcel of Fruit that came a great deal further off, as this bearer can tell thee better than I. Here Dines with me to day of her own invitation, and upon Malls Victuals, my Sister E--, who intended very lately to send my Daughter J. to have been provided for at Mrs. V--'s, but they have since bethought themselves that I need

no such helps, or what other consideration works upon them, I know not, only yesterday it was counter-manded, and her Aunt P. is resolved to take her down to Bray. My service to our Dick, and send Tom as often as thou canst unto, Dear soul,

Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 54.

My sweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy yesterdays company, and so I should if I had it every day of the week, and should be glad too, that I could give thee as good Chear every day, to eat, and to drink and to carry away. What thou didst at our *Malls*, thou wilt tell me in thine; I forget not what I promised thee to go in hand with; but think a little farther of a Print which may be useful, that is, if possible, to get the knowledge of what is intended at Court towards us, or some of us, and which; for without question, as *Wine-balls* Pipes, *Westminster* will Dance: to that end, if thou could'st get some friend to step over to morrow, and hear the Sermon preached before the King, something may be pick'd out of it, and if another friend at the same time visited the Abby, and took notice of the Doctrine delivered there. God does use to acquaint his Ambassadors with much of his mind. Because, if our several intelligences shall inform us, that I am in the black Book, then Mr. L. can't afford to give the D. of *Tork* such a consideration for his interest, as otherwise he may, nor to make such allowances to my children. Therefore, they must be advised to take other and meaner courses for their livelihood, without depending upon that staff which will fail them. Besides, it is some comfort to know what a man must trust to. My heart, after I had wrote what thou hast read, Mr. T-- came to me, and told me that half a dozen Parliament men Dining yesterday in *Fishstreet*, and understanding that the King had pardoned *Rane* and *Lambert*, vowed they would pardon all the rest: Since that, I have news from one of my Fellow-Prisoners, that Sir H.F. coming to the King to excuse himself for not bringing in the Bills yesterday according to order, was told by his Majesty himself, he should be at no further trouble about that business, for he intended to pardon them all: withal, that another Parliament man protested he would never give his Vote to the Executing any, so long as those two Rogues were pardoned. For all this, I will not be negligent in what

what thou and I agreed upon, only I have no mind to clothes nor such trumpery. I am

My Dear, Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 55.

My Love,

His bearer is better at bringing me news from thee, than in bringing home Bottles or Baskets; neither cares he much whether his news be true or no, so it be good for the purpose; he told me the other day that my little Anatomy was fine and cheery, the swelling of her feet down, the Dogs and Cats turned into Milk and Sack, and all this, and more, would be justified by Tom P. who was to come to me the next day. Well, the next day came, but no Tom; so I believe the rest accordingly. I have made a shift now (because he should not go empty-handed, however he comes back again) to send thee some Longworth Pig, and my two Bawnces some Plums instead of Sixpences: I have not heard a word from Dick P. since Robin went, yet have written two or three times. Commend my service to the other Dick P.; the best that ever (not only thou, but) I (that have lived a great while longer) was acquainted with.

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 56.

My Heart,

Thy Letter was very welcome to me, and that I need not tell thee; and how ill thou canst spare me and thy little Brats, thou needst not tell me. Fain would I have thee away out of all these inconveniences a great while ago, if I had known how, and fain would yet, if I could, after the adjournment of this Parliament: till then I know thy mind will hanker after my condition, which is very hopeful according to the best intelligence I can get: it must needs be chargeable and dangerous, and every way unpleasant, to abide long where thou art, and to remove without a disguise, and to get a disguise without money is as hard: but whether getting of money be not the hardest thing in the world I leave to thee. What luck had I to find that 30 s. out of 40 s. and send Victuals to Kennington, and live at home, and help Job to 7 s. 6 d. and give this Knave a Crown, and make him the carrier of an Angel to thee? and yet I hope God will send more next week. I have advised

F

to

to go this night when thy private goods are thought to be secured, and fetch them thence in bundles to my Daughter M-'s House, in regard that untowardly Girl B. S. knows where they be, only my Daughter must let as few of her Household know it as is possible, for ten to one there be slippery companions there too: but advise well of it, *Mall* I am confident of, for her own part. Till thou goest into the Country, thou must not trust to any one Lodging too long, notwithstanding thy change of Habit: and prethee let me hear from thee as often as thou canst with safety. I have no reason for it, but that I am, My sweet Soul,

Thy own Dear,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 57.

My poor dear heart,

When I am fain not only to leave, but to starve, I will not excuse either now, but do better than excuse my self, to morrow morning: and mean-while send thee such things as thou wantest most, and rest, My Soul, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 58.

Heart and Soul,

I Will believe thee (because thou wouldst have me) that thou art very well, and according to thy conjuring me, will send for thee on *Saturday* to meet thy new Cousin, and Old Self,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 59.

My Heart,

I Got two Letters at once from thee now, and shall send thee but one little scrap of answer; but that as full as it can hold of gladness that you be all well again. I was half and more afraid for thee. My three *Longworth* Daughters took the alarm of the bad news, and came clattering to Town the beginning of the week, and are now here with their Brother. I have nothing to send my poor Love, but this Quarter of Lamb: to morrow I look for Wine. Meantime I rest in thy bosome, like

Thy fourth Brat,

Henry Martin.

LETTER

My Dear,

I Must be begging of the good news: this bearer tells me of three sorts: First, that thou art very well; the next, that Bacon-hog begins to mend; and lastly, that thou art now in a fair way about thy *Wholesale* business. I sent to my two great Brats to day what I could: but week ends are not so good as their beginnings; and the beginning of the next week I hope to see my Love here; that is, either *Monday* or *Tuesday*, which will best stand with thy convenience, only I would fain keep my word with D. S. whom I promised by *Tuesday* Post what time he should expect at least some of our company.

I rest, my sweet Soul,

Thy own for ever,

Henry Martin.

My service to our good Friend.

LETTER 61.

My sweet Love,

I Cannot think every day too often to send to thee, and hear from thee (at least of thee.) All the token, I have for thee is an Orange or two, a piece of Bread (half what it was last), and a piece of Butter (half a pound) and just such a weight of Sallages. To-morrow I shall send again; and if I do not so on *Friday* too, it will not be because I did it three days together before: yet don't thou toil thy self to death with tending my Brats, and scribbling to their Father too; and of the two I can best abate thee the last office. I thank thee for my Sew-pan, though his cap could not be found. I rest, My Heart;

Thy own still, and still, and still,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 62.

As my own Dear!

IF thou wert not a very Hog, thou wouldst give me some of thy drudgery, or some of thy Ague, that I know thou canst spare. I shall have a time to trust thee with my Neck upon the Leads before I am a week older, I hope. Preshee let me know whether I did couzen thee in my last Packet, telling thee I sent a Bottle of Sack.

If I did not couzen thee, the old woman has done the same by me, for I miss it: however I intended to send thee this, and a Bottle of Rhenish, and half a dozen Artichokes, and a pound of Butter, and a scrap of Sugar, and four Oranges; and if I had not been out of hope of this opportunity, I had not spoiled my Strawberries in a Dish a quarter of an hour before the Butchers man came. and then thou hadst had them. I do not like P--'s Ale so well as I did; but the next time I send into Town I will have some for thee; perhaps it mends again. Methinks if thou must needs be ill, I am glad an Ague has excused the Small-Pox, because I am not with thee to tend thee; not for thy beauties sake, for *Clem* has enough of that for thee and her self too, and for, My Heart,

Thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 63.

Love,

Thou maist see I have got more paper now, but the same hand still, and that serves thy turn it seems. My Keeper holds his resolution yet, as I told thee yesterday, to go hence about noon, and bestow four or five hours upon you, going, coming, and staying there. I am content you should make much of him, but not too much; prethee tell our good friend so, and that for forty reasons. I have sent thee the Bottle of Sack now, which I made thee believe I sent thee yesterday, but forgot, and so help'd poor *John* to a chiding I doubt, as if he had disposed of it by the way. Here be 8 pennies for thee too, I think the roguish *Bessie* come on purpose to go to thee, ever since I condemned them the same way that *Nedy*, and *Philip*, and *Marier* were wont to go. Thou toldst me that thy two bigger Brats received my tokens, but that was, I suppose, my lesser tokens, the 2 d. and the penny, but I sent *Peggy* two sixpences, and *Sarah* one by little *Betty*. I would have thee find out, if thou canst handsomely, and without taking them away, whether the children had them or no; for I am deceived if that Girl does not love money dearly to spend, and am afraid, if thou stayest long out of the Country, will require more of thy care to look after her than thou canst well afford from thy own: and since thou hast taken her under thy Wing, I would be loth she should miscarry there.

Dear, I am very poor in Bottles now, return me as many as thou hast to spare, and if one or two of them be full of small drink I shall

not

not be much offended. A Leg of Mutton and a piece of Sugar, and I have ordered a Dish of Pease, for which here is a parcel of Butter, and two Loaves of Bread. And so God be with my sweet Soul, and her sweet Soul-kins.

Thy true

Henry Martin.

It is not good to talk to him now of the old business, till thou and I have laid our heads together once more at least.

LETTER 64.

NOt starved yet? nor drowned neither? then I see I must be at the charge of half a Chaldron of Coals to try if I can burn thee to death: this Fellow promises to have a care about them, and to get a quarter of a hundred of Faggots thrown into the Cart. He brings thee now half of my own Butter, and a sixpenny Loaf from the Market. To morrow the Heglers come to Town, and then I will buy thee some other Country-commodities: but sure we were better continue in-employment a Knave whom we know, and who knows how to have intercourse and access, than to be to seek of a stranger that will be to seek of conveniency how to do business between us; and yet I believe all thou tellest me concerning him, and can tell thee somewhat more of my own knowledge. Both thou and I must have a little more care of our loose things. And now in good sober sadness good morrow to my own sweet Love and Heart, and Dear, and Soul,

Thy old

Henry Martin.

LETTER 65.

*My sweet Love, that hast thy belly full
of fower Sawce,*

I did not think any thing I could say to thee would have been worth sending thee word of, yet resolved to send, that I might receive good news from thee. But our Poppet mis'd her Ague last night, and I will tell thee my Physick, the Milk which was fetch'd for thee and thy little one must make her a Posset; when I had made it, nothing would down with her but the Curd, and that well Sugared, she eat up every bit, and went to Bed upon it. Methinks I should get money enough for my Receipt.

Now,

Now, how does my poor Lamb do? and how does the Mother of it, who has that to tend, and the 150 divorce from her Dear to digest. I have sent thee only thy Rabbits, which were loth to be kept till to-morrow: other matters may be sent thee then, except thy Hartshorn, and that need not be sent raw, so long as I have fine water and thy directions. Good morrow to my Soul this good day, which was designed for a better day, if luck had served, either the heart thou carriedst with thee, or the heart thou leftst behind thee.

Henry Martin.

LETTER 66.

Manners come up,

MUst I guggle your Belly for you with fresh Salmon, Gurnets, and Rhenish Wine and Sugar, and I can't tell what, for you to run away and never take your leave of a body? the paper sent after you too like a flattern: but I hope I shall not be troubled with you again in haste: therefore pray stay till you be sent for: Nay it is e'n trim-tram too, like Mistress, like man: Stephen promised me to come so early this morning with his Butter-dishes, and now is come betwixt Nine and Ten, but put me out of my fooling humour with the News of last night. My poor sweet Dear, what I have been afraid of a great while, and thou hast just escaped, so narrowly, is more likely than ever to fall upon thee, because the whole Tribe of Bayliffs and Catch-poles will be exasperated against thee, and have thee by hook or by crook; and it is a huge disadvantage to have the Law of the Land for an Enemy. L— gave me a great many good words, but not a rag of mony, which is not to be looked for till matters are settled; only for my comfort, he tells me that they are in a good forwardness, and by the end of the next week he will be in Town again. I rest,

My sweet Love, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 67.

My Dear soul,

I Perceive thou wentst too late yesterday morning to Mrs. D.'s, for she was with me in the Afternoon, and told me she saw thee nor, yet staid at home till Ten of the Clock. I had not my full swinge of discourse with her, because first a Gentleman, and afterwards my two Sisters came in upon us: but this she told me, that in regard

it

it was so long ere she heard again from you, she disposed of 60*l*. which she had laid by on purpose, and has not now above 40*l*. left, if that; besides, she believes the Goods are rated high enough (according to her skill without seeing) especially the Diaper and the Damask. Worse than all that, *J. W.* is newly gone into *Berks*, and will not be returned till the end of the next week. *Mr. L.*—came not yesterday. When I hear from thee what space is allowed by the Articles for thy refusal, I will have another bout with the good woman; and as she saith, if they be richly worth the mony, it is encouragement to borrow; if the pennyworths be hard, thy share will be the better in mony. Good morrow to my sweet Love, and my poor Brats.

Thy own

Henry Martin.

LETTER 68.

My sweet soul,

I am very yellow that thou art my naughty Dear, that is, too good a Dear to me, and wilt not tell me how thou dost: Remember how thou didst make a rogue of me in my three Brats sickness, that were not to be known to their poor Father till they were almost quite well. But Love, if thou beest in any Prison, or Bayliffs House, or such ugly place, do not hide it from me, as thou wouldst (and as I would have thee) from *Peggy* and *Sarah*. I can bear it, and perhaps advise thee to bear it, and perhaps what to do in it before the Judges of the Kings Bench be gone out of Town, and before thou hast gotten that (with being stifled up this hot weather) which thou wilt not claw off again in haste. *Stephen* tells me thy Brother *Job* visits thee, and why I might not have been as well of thy counsel as he (if it were not as I suspect) I do not understand, especially when *Dick* was here, and needed no letter to trust with it. Besides, if there be no remedy but thou must be kept from thy little ones, I will try all the strength I have to get one or two of them hither to me, and the third nearer to thee, that House-keeping may be struck off at *Kennington*, and the banlings find more comfort than now they can at such distance from both their Parents. Clear this one scruple, good Heart, in

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 69.

My Heart and more,

For all last nights messenger frightened thee with his haste, disappointed thee of thy tokens, and brought thee a paper-full of ill-

in favour'd News, yet I believe thou wouldst not have been without it, and thou maist believe I would not have been without thine: I conf. is there was more reason for that, because, b sides that it was thine, the good News in't did quite drown the bad. Let God Almighty do his part in giving health to my Dame P — and her little Biddies, and I care not a fig for all the Kites and Jack-Daws in Breeches or long Coats. I think thou sayest *Henryetta* is full of Teeth, which I like well, for breeding of those Commodities is one of the narrowest bridges Brats-faces have to pass. My mind gives me (Love) that thou shouldst take thy mind off now from bhying of a Coach, in regard of the great sum it must cost at first, the difficulty of getting Horses to draw it, the feeding and casualty of those Horses by the way, the small time of using it in the Country, betwixt this and Winter, and the noise it will make there to be said to keep thy Coach. I am of opinion thou wert better give 12 or 15 l. for the hire of a Coach with four or six Horses, wherein thou maist put both thy he-camerades, and have the conversation of them all the day long, without hiring a Saddle-Horse, or keeping this bearer in Town against his Masters will and his own: it is just the cheapest time in all the year, and thou art like to have as good Ways and Weather as can be wished, if thou canst shew the City thy backside by this day seven-night. I shall have an account from W-- by to-morrow night; I presume I shall obtain leave for a sight of thee once at least before thou goest; for I got it for *Robin* yesterday, but that he was gone abroad early, and my Cousin *James Y--* and Mr. S-- Dined with me on *Saturday*: 'tis honestly done of Mr. S-- to forbear so long; but he considers how thou and I are played withal, as every body shall be that is down. Thus far on *Sunday*, and though I be fresh again this *Monday* morning, yet thou art sufficiently tired with reading, and therefore take thy Eyes off from the scribble, and look upon my matters, that have been so long a coming: there is a piece of Cake, and some Bergamot Pears from *Holingbury*, a piece of Sturgeon, and a Bottle of liquor from *James Y--*, a piece of Venison, and a Cheese from my Sister E--'s, and after Cheese nothing (thou know'st) or that which is next to nothing, two poor pieces of Silver, that have left thereabouts behind them. God be with my own Soul, and all hers, and amongst them

Hic

Henry Martin.

LETTER

LETTER 70.

My Dear,

The bearer is in great haste, I must be short. Here is a pint Bottle of new Canary, a *Hollingbury* Hen, half a score Puddings, and four half crowns in a paper, the fourth part of my weekly allowance. If thou couldst send Peg to me she should carry thee all I can spare more, if not more. I am glad thou hast some comfort in thy long business: I would not discourage thee, but take heed of shooting away too many arrows after what I doubt is gone already: thy matter is not for Counsel to be advised in: if thou goest to Law once, good night, especially when thou dost not know whereto get the first Fee: going abroad into the air does thee good, therefore I like that: the rest may do well too for all the opinion of an old fool, and yet he is,

My sweet Love, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 71.

My sweet Love,

Thy Letter of the seventh (that is the only Letter of thine I have seen since I saw thee) could not hinder it self from being welcome notwithstanding the News (I was about to call it, but it is too common for that name) of thy extream wants: they shall not be a whit the sooner supplied for thy mentioning them, because I had set all the wits I had to work before about the same business. That poor *Job* is likely to stand upon two Legs again I am very glad, and when thou makest a meal of the Brats, whereof Moppet it seems must serve for the second course, prethee with me a bit, that am,

My own Love, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 72.

My Heart,

I Long to know how my poor little Brat does after her Grapes, that if they did well with her I might present her with more: mean while I present her bum with a couple of Napkins, and claim thy promise of sending her Sister *Sarah* to me. This bearer is to go from your Quarters to *Parsons Green* with a message to the people there, if they be come home, and from thence to Mrs. D-- with a Letter. I do not find the cause, nor (which is better) the continuance of that strictness that was here when thou wert with me:

G

but

but if my Keeper could tell how to be more orderly than he is, it would do him and me a great pleasure. My service to our good Friend, and thy Brother, my love to Peggy, and so good morrow to
My Dear, thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 73.

My Heart,

THou need'st not tell me it is a huge while since I sent to thee, I tell my self so; and yet I have something to say for it: First, the Porter brought me pretty good News last time he came from thee; secondly, he was otherwise employed; thirdly, my Nursery had her fit upon her all day long; and lastly, I expected Mrs. D— here, that I might be enabled to send thee a token for thy Nurse, but I doubt she is not well: for when she was with me last, she complained of her having been ill: I would thy Brat would give thee leave to visit her. Thy message concerning Mr. S--his coming hither to day, makes me put on my gay clothes: if he do not come now I shall with thee whipped, so I have the whipping of thee, and thy little Brat whipped too, so thou hast the whipping of her. I have sent thee the work thou deliverdest me that came betimes yesterday morning according to promise; how well done, I know not; but if thou hast not all thy cloath, I shall be bold to lend to her for the rest. Mrs. C-- is removed it seems to narrower Lodgings, and our Jane gone to her Aunt E--'s House; though the Mistress on't be not at home, having a Key left with her of one of the Chambers. Prethee let me set down in my Almanack the certain day when the Coach-Master is to be paid for his Coach. My Girl is fine and well now again; but that she will eat nothing, and undoes me in playthings. I shall long to see thee again one of these days, but first to get a Letter from thee, not so much for the papers sake, as because that will be sign a of some leisure, My Letters have got a trick not to go quite empty-handed, and Peggy has a Father, as well as my Love has a

Dear of

Henry Martin.

LETTER 74.

My Dear,

IT is a filthy long while since we either saw or heard from one another, yet don't lets chide, for I think verily it is no wilful fault in either of us. I begin to write this to night, because I won't be to seek to morrow mornings; when the Butchers man comes; besides,

besides, I have had a fine deal of leisure to day, my Keeper locking me up (as he was bid) about 8 in the morning, and now it is almost Eight afternoon; but I had my Victuals about me, and my Books, and my Pen, and my Pusses withal; I got a Letter from *George* of S-- (whereof here is a Copy) a little Basket of Strawberries (whereof I have not couzen'd thee of one) that cost me nothing; and it is well I was asked no money for them, my Gentleman being gone about that (with other business) and till his return I would not wish thee to me a Farthing for my Estate; yet I bought butter at Market for thee while it was to be had, and Butchers meat I dare promise thee, the rest depends upon the *Monseurs* safe arrival. *Love, Hall* was with me on *Saturday*, and told me he met P-- the Upholster, and understands from him now again that all is like to be dispatched between thee, and him, and S-- which I will believe so soon as ever I see it; that he told my Son so I believe already. Prethee let me know what use *Job* makes of his time, if he cannot get an imployment, methinks it were easie to agree with his adversaries, and get that ugly Judgment off, since they see he is protected against them. But dost thou think I will not know how all my three pocky rogues do? and tell me true too. If thy Roses be not all gone, and if thou hast any Stills, or Limbecks, or such things, I would fain have thee distil a little Rose-water, the Cakes will serve to put among thy Linnen, when God sends it. And now in all hast good morrow to my sweet Soul. I am, sure I am,

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 75.

My poor Soul,

IF I did but see how thou look'st thy self when thou givest me a potion, and forbiddest making of Faces, I doubt thou wouldst prove a man no where but in thy Tongue, and yet I knew my Heart will be a man now she finds she must be so. Captain B-- and Lord P-- are all one; and if Mr. S-- and Mrs. D-- be so too, who can help it? I got an empty Letter yesterday from my Daughter M. and with very much ado my next weeks allowance from S--, almost half spent before it came; when W-- is tried, and fails, we will even sit down and rest. I am not jealous of thy extraordinary kindness to our Lieutenant, but am content to be as kind as thou art, if I had wherewithal. Honest *Robin* has reason to grumble at his staying in Town, with so little hopes of having what he came for,

and being kept from me too; for I cannot yet come at him. Thy Letter came to me last night by *Junny*, upon whom he stumbled in the street. These commodities, (except the pennies) are my Sister E--'s tokens to me. And so good morrow to

My sweet Love, thy own

in spight of all weathers,

Henry Martin.

My service to our friend as rich as our selves, and my love to the three that know how to help us, as much as we do them, for a while I mean.

LETTER 76.

YEs indeed (Love) it is long enough in conscience since I sent to thee last; for all I was told the same day both by *Tom* and by my own messenger how fine and well my little Brat came on: but such Worms are set up with a Rush, and thrown down again with a draw: besides, I liked not one part of the vapour, that she had gotten a fresh colour in her Cheeks. Well, as thou say'st, when we have done our utmost then let God do his pleasure. They tell me, thou art about to take a Maid, and I must needs say, thou hast need enough. Withal, though thou hast nothing left now to be robbed of, prethee take a care what Cattel thou harbourest under thy roof, to sleep with thee and thy three Arm-loads of treasure, only it cannot be long (thou knowest) she can stay with thee: for if any luck ever serve, thou must go down without her, and take fresh in the Country. Yesterday morning my L.L. was here, thinking (it seems) to find L. with me, or that he had been with me. Some bargain or other thy have jumbled up betwixt them, which I am sure I shall like better than they believe I will, because I shall then know what to trust to, and not be drilled on much longer. Thy Court-news I do not value of a half penny, nor would have thee mind it, there is no sense in it. But I am very well contented that thou hast made an end with S-- and all those Masters, and so hast thou great reason to be, and to thank Providence that thou hast made a shift to live upon them all this while. Since I wrote thus far, the bearer hereof tells me he saw thee yesterday, and would not let me know it before he slept, like a blockhead as he was. I have given him his mornings

mornings draught though; in hopes of amendment, and I have sent thee a piece of *Longworth* Cheese, and a parcel of Nuts from the same place: resting, My own sweet Dear,

Thy

Henry Maria.

LETTER 774

My Dear, I did not write to thee yesterday; it was not because I did not think of thee, and if I write now, it is not because I would not see thee here to day: for the truth is, in case thou canst conveniently come, I would fain have thee Dine with me, and bring my sick baby at least with thee; for so short a time we may obtain leave: yet lest thou shouldst not be able to wag, I have sent thee the inclosed which I received yesterday, and whereby thou maist perceive the man is in earnest, so as I can do my part. I have withal sent thee thy Ear-rings, for fear I should make them march a wrong way, as I have heretofore made many a good thing, and even since I came hither, Mr. C--s Spoon shall bear me witness: he is fetch'd home again though. Here is, besides a small token of my own (that is) poverty for thee, and another proportionable for Peggy, from her Father, and My Heart, thy

Henry Maria.

Love, I must not have thee till Monday or Tuesday, the Gentleman Porter tells me, because Sir J. is a little lusty to day; he thinks not fit to be spoken to. Therefore send me word which of the two days thou likest best.

LETTER 775

My Heart,

It was hard with me for paper, and harder for matters, but both I will mend, and so do both my Brats; I hope; whereof to be little more sure, is the chiefest errand of this bearer. I am glad thou art fallen into the hands of so good people; we will shew our selves thankful when we can: but Sarah and I could hardly forbear laughing at thee, for understanding me in earnest, when I told thee how pitifully she cryed to be left with her Father: some things she wants thou in earnest, especially a clean Frock, and head-clothes, and her Comb. If Mr. L-- has play'd me one of his old tricks, who can help it yet? shortly I believe I shall by my she- friend

friend in a corner, who I doubt is not in Town till to morrow; and the next day (*viz. Wednesday*) I shall be glad to see thee here, if thou beest then to be spared. Mr. S. shall be very welcome to me upon any account; and as for the Horses, if he will take my word for the present, he shall have better security ere long; and for the worth of them, I have reason to take thy word, for whose use I buy them: only be sure (if possible) they be sound, and (which is easie to know) young. So with my service to your two young men, and my busses to the two maids, I rest,

My own Dear, Thy still, still

Henry Martin.

I. B. I. P. B. R. 179.

My sweet Dear, brave gallant Soul,

NOW stand thy ground; I was told on *Tuesday* night, that the House of Commons had given us all up on *Monday*, and had appointed a Committee to bring in a Bill for that purpose, which cannot require much time, and if I wish any thing in the world, it is, that thou hadst been with me, when the tidings came, and ever since, to see if thou couldst find any alteration in me, sleeping or waking. My paper is not quite ready for thee yet, but I am upon it every foot; and in the mean time, will give thee such Cordials as ordinary people give to one another. Perhaps the Bill will not pass when it comes in, perhaps the Lords will not pass it, when it comes there; perhaps the King has given way to his friends to set this on foot, on purpose to have the whole honour of pardoning to himself; perhaps some names may be excepted in one House, or in the other; and thy Dear may be one of them. He that has time, has life; a thousand things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip; and it is some comfort that we can still send to each other. Visiting indeed grows pretty difficult; but after the opening of my door in the morning, I have the freedom of the whole House till we have Dined. I was not so hasty to send thee this news yesterday; I believe I had not now neither, but that I was afraid thou wouldst hear it from another hand, that would make it worse. Pluck up thy strength, my good Heart, conquer this brunt, and thou art a man for ever. Look upon my little Brats, and see if thy Dear be not among them; has not one of them his Face, another his Brains, another his Mirth? And look thou most upon that, for it

is just the best thing in this world, and a thing that could not be taken from me, when *Lemster* was, when all the remainder of my Estate and thine was; nor when my liberty, and the assurance of my life was, nor when thy company was, which though I reckon last, goes for something with.

My dearest Dear, thy own own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 80.

My sweet soul,

I Have made a shift to send thee the other odd Spanker, but I could have wished 4000 for thy sake. It was well done to send me the Bottles and Baskets, thou art like to fare the better for it, when I have gotten some body that is able to carry things, but the poor wench must goe against the Tide, or else I must keep her too long from thee and my Brats, and that is against my Conscience.

I was told yesterday that all we (except two of us, who are in more favour) must be banished; which if it be true, it is probable we shall have some time given us to provide our selves, and that is all the kindness I did ever expect, and more.

Major *W.* takes it unkindly that *T. P.* makes so many visits to him in my name, and in *Sir J. R.*'s name, and without my order, which indeed I could not own; therefore I would have him from henceforth forbear it: if he be civil to me, he will be sure to be wary for himself, and not to come within compass of danger. God be with

My dearest Heart, thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 81.

INdeed (my Dear) I am scarce friends with my self yet for not writing to thee on *Saturday*, for all the Fellow was in such haste, and for all I made a shift to send my Love half a score pennies, and for all I love thy Letters as well as thou canst love mine for the heart of thee; but how can I tell but thou maist think I would not write to thee, because thou didst not write to me? and then, does he forbid me to come to him, and won't write to me neither? nay here was a Pudding too on *Sunday* for Dinner, worth twenty of that thou hadst the *Sunday* before, and I had saved a corner for thee; and hither came our *Mall*, and *Jinny*, and Aunt *E.* yesterday,

day, and guttled it almost all up: last night, though *I* was pretty well pleased again with receiving the enclosed: thou seest therein what will be most wanting in that Country; but it shall go hard if *I* do not contrive a way for thee to Dine with me next Sunday, and thy Brats-faces too, at least thy self, that thou and *I* may chat about our businesses; we are not like to be troubled with any women-kind again, for my present Keeper is a single man, and the other hath small hopes of returning: instead of that poor *C--* is in danger to march next, and all the old gang to be weeded out one after another, *John L.* is not yet in Town, neither does *B.* come as me. *I* had a Letter from poor *Job*, who is with the Girls at *Longworth*, and in fear that his Sisters and Brother-in-law will Arrest him: *I* bad him secure himself as well as he could against Doctors of Physick, and their Patients, and *I* would warrant him thou shouldst do him no harm. Now *I* care for nothing but knowing how my three Biddies do, and the barren Hen that clogs them all about her. Thou wert best give them none of their Daddies good things, and then see if *I* be

My Heart, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 82.

My dear Love,

HOW our Ambassador has sped in *Essex* *I* know not, but am sure *I* cannot speed elsewhere, and that thy time of redemption is out this day, All the advice *I* have to give thee, is, that thou cast thy self upon Mr. *S--*'s kindness; let him joyn with thee in pretending to *P--* as if thou hadst laid down mony for all the Goods, and then at his own leisure give thee what profit he thinks fit: in case he do for the present want a sum, he will make more of every thing than thou shalt: and if he can forbear, thou mayst be able hereafter to give him as much as any body else, and yet have a good bargain in thy Goods, besides thy own contentment. If it may be some ease to thee (as *I* suppose) prethee let me have *Sarah* again, and let me see thee too as soon as *I* can, though *I* deserve no other name than

My Heart, thy well-wisher,

Henry Martin.

LETTER

LETTER 83.

My Heart,

I Thank thee for my Tutties, and my Window-stuff, and my Book of double use, but most of all for the good news of thy Agues marching from thee, which way soever he is gone; and yet, for that he has left behind him, I am not thoroughly resolved, whether I should invite thee, or forbid thee till to morrow; but upon my blessing (huzzy) doe not offer to come to day, unless thou find'st all as it should be with thee, and then let me know as soon as thou canst, that thou maist fare the better. When thou dost come, bring any Brat that is fit to be brought, and Camerade too; for I have leave for thee; and yet I would have thee habited very plain, as I observe they do all, (or as many as I can see or hear of) that relate to my Fellow-Prisoners. This morning I saw two Daughters of Sir *Henry Vanes* (whom I take to be none of the poorest among us) whom I should have hardly suspected for Gentlewomen, if Mr. T-- had not told me who they were; and yet (I will say that for them) they have as much need of being set off by their Cloaths, as some of his Neighbours Daughters have. But (Love) now I think better of it, it is too late in all Conscience for thee to come to day: besides that, I can have almost nothing that is Good for thee; but send me word whether thou wilt come to morrow, or give thy body one day more of settling, and make it *Tuesday*. I hope the kindness they shew me now, will not be spent before it be used: besides, I have got some fine small Beer, that is hardly yet ripe to be broached. Just now I received the enclosed, which I send thee to chew the Cud upon, that thou may'st prepare thy self for a discourse against thou and I meet. For this time I bid thee good morrow, and company, and return to my old companion,

My Soul, thy

Henry Martin.

LETTER 84.

My dearest Love,

FOr all I have not sent to thee since *Saturday*, nor needed have sent now, if it would have served my turn to hear of thy health by Mr. S——, who was yesterday here to look for his Brother and Enemy D. P——

Mrs. D—— at last came to me, and tells me she will go to Mr. S—— on *Thursday*; if they will suffer her to see the Goods;

H

and

and she has now a Chapman for the Hangings, if she like them, and will endeavour to procure as much money as is necessary: but her stay with me was so very short, that I could not have time to talk with her about the Coach-money: yet I remember this to be thy last day; so I tried S—, and he or his Wife intend to visit me anon, and I hope to prevail there.

Præthee let me know by this bearer what is done with my Lord P—, that I may proceed accordingly: for if he be not in Town, I mean to dispatch a messenger into Essex, unless I understand at his Lodgings that he is not there neither. It is only time that pinches us, and the last which Winter makes in coming upon us, and the intolerable charge of living here: for I perceive both by my Lord L— and Mr. L— (whom I spake with severally since I saw thee, and whom I am promised to see again before the week be out) that we shall have something settled upon every one of us, or else a piece of money in gross (which is as good, or better) if we can but rub out a little while to put cloathes upon our Backs and vitch in our Bellies; and God send health to the little ones and continue it to the old ones.

This is your sealing day (as I remember) with P— and them; good Heart take care what thou sett'st thy Hand and Seal to, besides what is already considered, for one little half word makes a huge alteration in a Deed; and let thy good friend have a care of his Hand and Seal, thou hast reason to make his concerns thy own, who makes thine his own.

My old Landlady has gotten me to wear out this week with her, so I go, not to my new Quarters till to morrow night.

Here are some remainders of *Sarab's* implements; if neither she nor her Sisters get any other tokens now, there is some reason for it. Yet I rest,

My sweet Soul, thy ever own

Henry Martin.

L E T T E R 85.

My Love,

IF thou hadst been as good as thy word, thou wouldst either have come thy self, or sent a speaking token by this time, unless thou didst understand me wrong, as if I were first to let thee know the time. Now I think thou wert best stay (at least thy self) till *Sunday*: Mean while commend my very hearty respects to our *Dick*, whose Pudding miscarried yesterday: I made it on purpose; but my

my Daughter *M* — and Sister *R* — coming in, made me and the old woman jumble things so together, that we quite spoiled it betwixt us; therefore if thou canst get him in with thee when thou comest next, I will have a good one for him, and then I shall see him in the bargain. Mr. *L* — hath been with me, and talks handsomly, both from my Lord *L* — concerning the hopes of my being banished, and from his own resolutions concerning my allowance, wherein thou may'st be sure to have a pretty share, for I did not talk of thee singly: but I see never a penny of his money yet: he complains heartily of the backwardness of Rents in the Country, and the falshood of Tenants. Somewhat may be true, yet I think it fit to be very earnest with him next time he comes, that he may enable me to pack thee away. I hope thou dost not forget to put thy friend upon a diligent pursuit of those *White-Hall* commodities, so far as his health will give him leave: every body tells me nothing is to be done there but with money, and that almost as much as the thing is worth you would have done; therefore I was jealous for *S* —, because I knew he had wherewithal, and to hook in his old debt would be likely to stretch; but it seems he finds it too dear too.

My Son *S* — is sworn a Privy-Chamber-man Extraordinary, which is worth little to him more than the protecting him from Arrests; therein he was shrewdly afraid of his dear friend *B* —. I have sent thee a Hen our *Mall* brought me yesterday for her Dinner, but she brought other things too, and some I had of my own, that I made shift to save this for thee, and four Oranges to eat with it, and a Bottle of Claret to drink, but thou must burn it thy self, for I will not keep the Fellow so long from thee, only here is Sugar to do it with, and one or two Oysters. Now good morrow to

My Heart, thy own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 86.

My sweet Love,

First, I am glad with all my heart (and that for 100000 reasons) that our good friend is in a fine way of health again: Next, I think I have made a rogue of thy pitiful Pannier-plor, for I sent Robin out of Town yesterday: I will have you go all together if possible, both for comforts sake and for cheapness: besides, I will not let any of you go till I am sure to send the rest after, and that no flesh is without matters in sob; so soon as ever they come (and

I look hard now every day for so much at least as will set the wheels a going) I will write to Dick P-- by the Post, and he shall either come himself or send up the same man with one Horse or more; and the mean time will serve thee to pack up and send away such things as thou must have there, and to provide what is to go along with thee, I mean, as well as we can. And my Keeper has promised me afresh, that so soon as ever I am ripe for thee, I shall have one bout with thee here.

Mr. L-- was with me on Saturday, and according to his old wont complains (and I believe much of it to be too true) that things are still at a great uncertainty, and that he is in danger of being turned out of all he has laid out his mony upon, if he cannot make exact proof of every thing that passed, as well betwixt my old Creditors (whose Titles he has bought in) and me, as betwixt us two: By the way, he says thou hast a writing of some accounts under his hand that he gave me at Lambeth-House, and may do him mischief if it be known: I would have thee therefore give it him, that he may have no just exception to deny thee reasonable courtesies; but first have it copied and attested by persons thou canst trust, and keep that copy carefully by thee against a wet day, I thank thee for my Sweets and my Herbs, and especially for the trick of sending to me; I suppose the Fellow makes a little mony too at Market of Strewings, &c. If so, or however, send him to-morrow morning with a Letter, and intelligence how every body does: it is the cheapest messenger that passes between us, and is pretty well acquainted with the Souldiers. If thou likest my Beer, tell me so; and thou shalt not want it, for I have enough: but thou must send me the Pottle-Bottle that had Claret in it. My service to the Green Man, and my duty to the Ladies, and not a bit of love to thee, for thou hast got it all already, greedy-gut: 'tis no matter though, I have got somewhat instead on't, that serves the turn of

My Soulsown,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 87.

My Heart,

I Did think by this time not only to have had better news for thee, but to have told it thee myself; instead of that thou must make use of such good counsel as thou hast lying by thee, and is cheaper it seems than good news. My Son was not suffered to see me yesterday, nor Mr. L. this day he is promised he shall; and this day

day I am promised my weeks maintenance (which was never put off before.) I believe there are people at Court that mean to set up a Trade of granting leave to visit Prisoners: my Lady Vane, Lambert's Wife, and Heveningham's Wife, having used them to it. If Betty S-- be still in danger of being found out by her Mother, thou maist let this bearer have her away to my Butchers, and thence the old woman is content to fetch her: but, as I said at first, so still I leave it to thy own discretion. Not a word yet from my Lord P--, whether this restraint be the reason of it, or what else I know not; but he told Dick P-- his man he would send a Gentleman to me on Thursday last, or before. The enclosed is a performance of my engagement to Poppet, her Portion in Poetry being to be paid next after her Elder Sisters. I have sent thee a piece of Butter, such as is brought into the Tower, and as much Bread as took up every penny I had, and two Bottles of Canary, New and Old: the first is bound about the head, but I believe the other is best, yet neither bad: my Beer is almost all gone; let me know how thou likest the Ale (that went last to Kennington, it was P--'s, but methoughts not so good as it was wont to be.

This Keeper of mine is a very civil person to me when he is with me, and swears he will visit thee, and bring thee to me whatever it costs: but he is just the worst Keeper in the Tower for keeping his times, when he is from me, that he makes me so uncertain in sending to thee, whereas all other Prisoners are unlocked before seven in the morning; he makes me stay till 8, 9, 10, and past; it is almost nine now, yet I am fast. My Love, I long to hear how honest Dick does digest his venturousness in going forth the other day. I must close up my Letter, because I shall be fain to switch and spur by and by, and the Porter we find very honest in whatsoever is deliver'd him. So good morrow to

My own sweet Dear,

Thine yet, and yet, and yet,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 88.

WELL (Love) it was a happy turn that thou wert not here yesterday, nor Peggy, nor Poppet, nor Bacon-hog, nor Dick, for I should have killed half a dozen of you at least, if you had come

come within my reach, I was so stark staring mad from morning to night; and thou shalt judge whether I had not reason to be ten times worse than I was. First and foremost, did not Dick promise to send me (I marry would he) from the Falcon that should be with me betimes next morning, that he should? and what servest thou for, but to have put him in mind of it, if he had forgot it? and what serves Peg for, but to put thee in mind of what thou forgettest? and what serves Poppet for, but to cry, and the other to scold and scratch her Mother when she has forgotten? I could have sent thee Bread, Butter and Candles, and something else without mony; then I sent my Keeper for that, and he did not bring it home till four or five of the Clock in the Afternoon; then I had but half a stick of Fire to hold my Nose over for an hour together, the roguish Faggot man staid so long; then within a quarter of an hour after it had cost me five groats (2 d. more than ever man paid) for a dozen of Faggots, in comes goody M--'s man with a hundred, as if he had studied what to send, that thou mightst be sure to have never a bit of. 'Tis no matter now again; this morning I feel my self friends with all the world; I account the is well enough served by her Mother in law's death, who left her Husband but 20 l. to buy him Mourning; and 100 l. to be paid him six months hence; and 5 l. to her to buy her a Ring, only the Executors have sent her 20 l. more to buy her Mourning; and my malice is pretty well abated towards thee and thy Camerades, because I hope you are all starved by this time either with cold or hunger; and therefore to show I bore a little good will once, I have ordered some provision for thy Executors, viz. a pound of cotten Candles, and another of rush, two two penny Loaves, two new Rolls, a piece of Butter to serve till to morrow, a leg of Mutton: the next time they shall have something else. Mean while I am

My Dears Ghosts Own,

Henry Martin.

LETTER 89.

Love,

I Took up my next weeks allowance (with some grumbling too of him that paid it, and being told he was like enough to hear from me on Monday, notwithstanding this), on purpose for thee, whereof though I sent thee but three quarters, yet all that is left to live upon till Monday come seven-night is 16 d. and that this messenger will reduce when he returns to a single groat. But this is

not

not all the news *I* have to tell thee, if it were, he should not have gone to thee though he would have given me a shilling to suffer him. *George* has returned me an answer of my *February* Letter, dated the 20 of *May* last, wherein he does earnestly invite me again, and tells me, that what *I* will have him do to *Mr. L* — he will do. The old woman at *Longworth* is recovered, whereof not only her five children, but their Father is very glad: for if she should have died ere the *K* — 's Title had been purchased, it would have raised the Market 2000 *l*. My Niece *Fr. M* — is sick of the Small Pox. *Mr. L.* was with me last night, being but newly come to Town, and tells me, my Lord makes him believe that they are agreed, and that his Lordship has a grant from His Majesty, yet fails meeting him according to promise, and makes him jealous he plays a Game by himself (I am sure I hear not a word from him.) But this day *L.* will make it his business to drive matters to a head, either with my Lord, or without him, and give me an account by to morrow morning. *Staffordshire* Deck sends me word his man cannot be with me till *Wednesday* next, whereof *I* am not sorry, for thou knowest thou canst not wag before *Monday* seven-night, if then.

Now *I* expect news from thee: First, how my two little Brats do, of them *I* would not have the bigger again till *I* am settled in my new Quarters, which will be (I hope) by to morrow night, though it prove the middle of this womans week: next, tell me what *Mrs. D* — says, with whom *I* presume thou hast had some discourse concerning thy Goods, both of *White-Hall* and *Chelfey*. *I* cannot have a sight of thee, if thou gettest off thy household stuff from *Roffry*. *L* — will be thy Chapman for the heavy commodities there, as Pewter, Brass and Iron. Is it not time to bid good morrow to

My Dear, thy own,

Henry Martin.

F I N I S